

THE CHAP-BOOK

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 1, 1895

COVER DESIGN	FRANK HAZENPLUG
WIND AND WORLD	ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN
"BOSS"	MARIA LOUISE POOL
DRAWING	RAYMOND M. CROSBY
OF A MEETING AT FULHAM	H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON
NOTES	

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SEMI-MONTHLY. SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE. THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY AND ITS BRANCHES. ADVERTISING RATES TO BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO THE PUBLISHERS,

STONE & KIMBALL

THE CAXTON BUILDING: CHICAGO.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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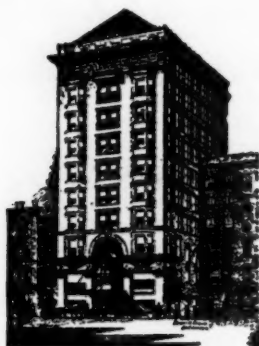
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WIND AND WORLD

THE wind is roaring in the trees
On the dark hillside,
And down in the valley, farther still,
It is blowing bleak and wide.

The voice of a spirit, formless and vast,
It cometh to mine ear.
What is it the wind would be saying to me?
I would I could plainly hear.

Out of the East and the North and the West
It baffles the oak and pine,
The haunting cry of a winged beast,
Half bestial, half divine.

The long day sings with a thousand cries,
And the night is all astray.
The old world passes with torch and shroud,
And I talk to my soul and pray

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

"BOSS"

A ROUGH brown dog sat at the very edge of the
tumble-down breakwater. He was looking steadily
seaward. He was evidently old, and he was scarred
by many fights, but his sunken mouth, from which he had
lost many teeth, showed that he would not fight again, vic-
toriously.

He was gaunt from a life time of insufficient food, but yet
he had the air of a dog who is loved.

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Sometimes he turned from his gaze at the sea and glanced behind him at a child who was sitting in a wheelbarrow a few feet away. Everytime he glanced thus he slightly wagged his stump of a tail, and the child smiled, or she said in a soft voice,

"Good Boss!"

and then Boss wagged harder; but he could not give much attention to his companion for his whole heart was with that bent old woman who was up to her waist in the water by the outermost ledge. It was there that the Irish moss grew, and at low tide the woman could gather it. She thrust her arm down to the shoulder each time for her handful of moss. She was wet, sodden wet, save for a small place across her back.

She had a man's straw hat fastened by a small rope tightly under her chin. Her face looked a hundred years old, it was in truth seventy—old, seamed and leathery; and it was a face you loved to look at.

Every few moments she raised her head and put her dripping hand up over her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always waved her hat; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

"It's jest a doin' of her lots of good," she would say aloud, "I'm awful glad I wheeled her down. I wish now I'd brought her down oftener this summer."

Twice as she looked shoreward, she called out shrilly:

"Boss, you take care of her; won't you Boss?"

Then Boss pricked up his ears and shook his tail, and the girl laughed and said she guessed she'n' Boss could git along first-rate.

"We're use't to it, ain't we, Boss?"

When she said this the dog got up, came to her side, gave

her a swift lick across the cheek, then hurried back and sat down on the edge of the planks again.

Once the woman out in the water slipped and fell splashing, and Boss jumped up, whining in a piteous quaver, and would not be comforted even when the child said soothingly,

"Never mind old fellow!"

But when the woman floundered to her feet again and cried "all right!" the dog sat down. Still he frequently gave a little whine under his breath. He was thinking that this was the first summer when he had not gone out mosing with his dearest friend, and he could not understand why he was so stiff and clumsy, that he was unable to run over the slippery rocks and keep close to her, nosing the moss she picked up, poking over lobsters and crabs, and seeing that nothing happened to her. Something was the matter with his legs, and with the whole of him, somehow, and he could not get over the rocks. Was it the same thing that kept him from gnawing bones? And he liked them just as well as ever. He noticed that the young dog who lived down the road could crack bones without any trouble. It was all very mysterious.

When he lay in the sun near where the moss was drying, dozing and snapping at the flies, he often looked as if he were thinking of all these things.

And what did the girl's grandmother mean only yesterday when she had stroked his head and said:

"Poor old Boss! You're gittin' old, jes's I be. 'T won't be no kind of a place round this house 'th out Boss." He had nuzzled his head under her hand when she had spoken thus, but he did n't understand.

How pleasant this bright day was with its sunny, gentle east wind—a wind that brought sweet, salt smells from the ocean.

The child sniffed the bracing odor and stretched out her hands, smiling happily.

To be sure she could not walk, but granny often wheeled her to the breakwater where she could see the moss gathered.

It was a low course of tides, and now the water had gone far out so that one could get to one of the ledges where the moss grew.

Granny had no boat as most of the mossers had—there were some boats now farther along, and little Molly could see the men put their long handled ropes down and draw them up full. She knew that those men made more money than her grandmother, but then, she did n't know much about money. Some of the neighbors often said that they themselves could n't afford to keep a dog. When they said this granny shut her lips tight, and the first chance she had she would stroke the dog's head.

"I guess they don't know much about a dog," she told Molly, "'n' I guess 's long 's we've got anything to eat, Boss 'll have some of it; eh, old feller?"

Molly sank back on her pillow in the barrow. She amused herself by almost closing her eyes so that the sea seemed to come up nearer, and crimple in sparks of fire. Then she would open her lids wide, and the great stretch of water would flash blindingly on her vision. She played at this for a long time; and always in front of her was the dog; she had grown up in the conviction that all was well if he was near.

Soon everything grew deliciously dim and then clear, and the salt smell was sweeter, and she was walking over the hard sand as straight as anybody, holding her head up strongly. She did not know she was asleep. It was real to her that she was walking.

Suddenly she sat upright in her wheelbarrow, clutching the sides of it. Boss was not there. Had he barked? Or

had some one called? She looked off to the ledge. She saw Boss leaping frantically over the weedy rocks. He went as if he were a young dog—he went like a creature possessed. He seemed not to leap, but to fly from one rock to another, over the still, green pools.

Molly could only see the dog, and beyond him, shining water. Where was granny?

The child tried to scream, but she felt as if in a nightmare, and could not make a sound.

Oh! there was something down between the rocks on the far side of the ledge. It was there that Boss was going. And there was the mosser in his boat, putting his rake down just as he had been doing when the child had gone to sleep. For an instant she thought she was dreaming. But Boss was gone and—yes—there *was* something among the rocks—it was granny's hat sticking up; and it did not move.

Molly tried again to scream, and it was as if her heart would break in the trying. Her voice was only a hoarse kind of a whisper.

But there! Boss had reached his friend. He tried to pull her out. He could not. Between his attempts he barked, he howled; nay, he screamed. Was his heart breaking also?

At last the mosser out there held his rope just above the water and gazed towards the shore, listening. The wind was off the sea and sounds from the land did not come clearly.

The man saw little Molly Towne on the breakwater. Had she cried out? And was that the Towne dog carrying on so on the rocks?

Boss was down by the still figure that was lying in the shallow pool. He was struggling with it, making frantic efforts to pull it from the water.

Outlined on the breakwater, against the dazzle of the blue

sky, the man saw Molly rise up in her barrow as if she would walk, and then fall back again.

"Good God!" he cried. He dropped the rope into the water, caught up his oars and rowed to the ledge. All the time he rowed he saw old Mrs. Towne's motionless form lying there, and the dog trying to help her.

As he stepped out of his boat and began slipping and jumping over the rocks, the woman moved and raised her head. He saw her reach out her hand to the dog; he saw the dog throw himself down and lick her face eagerly.

"That you, Jim Stowell?" she asked, "I guess I've broke my leg. I slipped. I've mossed twenty year, 'n' I never slipped to speak of before."

She spoke tremblingly, but with pride. "I s'pose I fainted, or something."

"I'll git you right into the boat," said Jim Stowell briskly, "'n' take you home in no time."

Boss stood close by watching the man.

Mrs. Towne looked to the shore, saw the child, waved her hand and called cheerily, "all right!"

And Molly shook her handkerchief feebly, though she tried to shake it vigorously.

"I do hope she did n't see me fall," said the woman.

It was not easy to get her into the boat, and she winced and grew pale, but she helped all she could and made no sound.

When she was in at last, Jim took up his oars to go round to the sandy landing. There stood Boss shivering on a rock. All at once he appeared older than ever; it seemed as if he could hardly stand.

"Take him, too," said his mistress.

"No, let him walk."

"I want you to take him, I tell you," almost fiercely
"He's too old 'n' stiff to walk on the rocks."

"Old!" with a laugh. "You oughter seen him goin' it after you!"

The man began to row. Tears came into Mrs. Towne's eyes. Her voice was choked.

"You 've got to take him," she said, "or you need n't take me."

"Oh, if you feel like that"——Jim lifted the dog into the boat, and Boss crouched down by his friend who put her hand on him. He leaned more and more heavily on her; his eyes were fixed on her face.

She had flung up her hand again to the child.

Lying there on the wet moss at the bottom of the boat she could look, without moving, into the dog's face. He slowly put his tongue out on her fingers. He pressed yet closer

With a curiously quick movement she managed to draw him even nearer. She bent her head to his head.

"He lays too hard on ye!" said Jim, "lem me pull him away."

"Don't touch him!" she cried in a sharp voice. The next moment she said hoarsely,

"He's dead."

MARIA LOUISE POOL.





DRAWING BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

OF A MEETING AT FULHAM

(Being a further Episode in the Life of Dick Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick, sometime Gentleman of the Road.)

IT has many times fallen to my good fortune, in the exercise of my calling, to have encountered persons of high distinction, picked out for cynosures of the public gaze, and marked and predestined to fill a great part in the history of our times. There was his lordship the Earl of Shaftesbury, for one, a minister of the Cabal, and a cock of the same to boot; and I could tell, if I were minded, of my rencounter with Bloody Jeffreys and of the trick I put upon him; while, to name no other, I had a mighty queer adventure in communion with that foul toad, Titus Oates, whom I afterwards rejoiced to see crying carrots and turnips, with all London looking on. But the sally that best pleased my whimsey, and for which, as it chanced, I was the least fore-armed, was taken in more exalted company, and when I was yet green on the pad. And I here set my pen to the narrative with the more zest, that the man himself being now dead, and passed into sour disrepute, I am enabled to show him forth for what he was—a sovereign fellow, incomparable with a whole line of high-nosed Dutchmen. Maybe 'twas owing to my very rawness that the adventure took so full a flavour and developed so roundly, for, an' my wits had been a trifle brisker at the outset, and my eyes had plied smarter than my tongue, I might ha' stopped short, for sure, upon the threshold of the emprise. But, as it was, I slipped into the affair with a plunge, and for all the world like any child; and this was how it came about.

Having gotten into bad odour on the North Road, and finding the catchpolls peppered about the posting-stages, I

rode into London Town upon the seventh of May, fat as to my pockets, and distended, maybe, with a complacent satisfaction in myself. I was fair bubbling over the brim with spirits, and ready for to cock a barking iron on General Monk himself, if so be the occasion should throw me across him. But after a day or so with other roysterers, and my temper still serving, out I flung upon an excursion towards Fulham, for mere devilment, and by no means because my purse was running low. Half way to the village, and within cry of a tavern, I fell across a carriage, dancing along at a rare pace, richly caparisoned, and with outriders and all the privileges of wealth. Nothing must suit me, then, but, like a lusty young fool, to drive myself square across the way, and despatch the horses back upon their prats, setting the coachman and the post-boys yelling in a terrified hubbub. And next I popped up to the window, and thrusting my pistol forward, exacted my demands of the occupant, ere even he guessed what was afoot. He was mightily perturbed and also inordinately savage, being, as I could perceive, a nobleman of mark upon his road to some great house. To be rumpadded, there, almost within the precincts of London, and upon a night of stark moonlight, and with a score of people within call, could not have been greatly to his taste. But his fuming served him little, for I relieved him of what he had, which, to say the truth, was not very much. I cared not a doit for that, but the distemper with which he took his predicament, together with my own giddy head, set me in a roar, and there I stood in the road, watching the carriage roll away, with my hands to my hips, cackling out of mere levity. And with that, quite suddenly, a voice says, very quietly, by my side: "Faith, 't was a very neat piece of horsemanship; and I've no wish to see a better."

You may guess that I started about sharp enough, and there in the moonlight, but his face obscured in the shadow,

was a man astride of a big Flanders mare, coolly contemplating the vanishing coach. "Who the devil may you be?" says I, very much set aback by this apparition. His gaze shifted to me slowly, and he regarded me with a silent scrutiny. I was in the full light, and he might observe every galloon and buckle upon me. But, calm as he was, I was not to be browbeat by his insolence, and so, without further ado, I jogged the nag a step nearer, and, said I, drawing my sword, "Well," I says, "an' you have observed my horsemanship with so much commendation, sink me, but you shall have the occasion to test my passados also." "Nay, nay," he says, laughing a little. "But I will take the rest of your reputation on trust, and without any test. 'T is a point with me to trespass on no man's profession."

I looked at him in suspicion, but somehow the humour of his voice assuaged me. Yet I was not going to yield upon the impulse to any current stranger that might punch a hole through me when my back was turned; and so I came still a step nearer, and "So be you are honest," said I, "let us see old Oliver on your face." There was a moment's hesitation ere he moved, but then with another gentle laugh to himself, he pulled round his mare, and backed into the moonlight, where he remained, regarding me with a catching smile. He was a man of good presence, somewhere about fifty, as I conjectured, with a big nether lip, and a swarthy face, harsh-featured, yet moulded in good-humour. I liked the fancy of him, and seeing that I was in a merry mood myself, was for hob-a-nobbing with him at once, an' he would. But ere I could speak he interposed on my observation of him.

"I trust," says he demurely, "that you will keep me no longer under old Oliver's scrutiny than may serve your need, for, to say the truth, I hold something of a traditional antipathy to the name." "Zooks!" I cried laughing,

"and so do I—a scurvy, ranting Anabaptist,—a coystril as knew nothing of good liquor and good women." "You express the feelings of my family to daintiness," he returned with a smile; "and I would that my poor father was alive to hear you." "You speak well," says I, "and there's many that would take a journey even out of Hell to spit upon old Noll's bones."

"I misdoubt," he says reflectively, "if my father had designed that precise abode for himself. But it may well be he was wrong. For my own part I find, no doubt with yourself, this present world a sufficient exercise for my thoughts—the more so that it has sometimes used me shabbily." "What calling may you follow?" I asked. "Well," says he with a sly look at me, "'t is a scarce one for pride, but, an' ye press me, I must confess that I have the repute of being a somewhat importunate beggar." "What!" says I in an amaze, "are you a wheedler?" "Ah," he said thoughtfully, "I believe even that term has been put upon me, but the word has an ugly sound, now I hear it." "But," said I, for his appearance set the lie on his statement, "you speak like a man of quality. I'll warrant you are no common canter." "True," he says suavely, "I am glad you have observed that. I endeavour to be proportionate to my breeding; for, according to the acceptance of my friends, I derive from excellent parentage, though it is obvious a man may not vouch for so much in his own person." "What then?" said I. "Well," said he, smiling, "I find my wits use me better than my birth; that is all."

"Ho! ho!" I cried, for he spoke such plain modesty that I could not but give him credence. "I wager you are a man of parts, then, to fig yourself out in this spruce fashion. It serves you very well, I dare swear. And now I am come to think on it, you have the cut of a wheedler, and I doubt

not also the maw ;" and I fell to laughing. But he made no remark, merely smiling very sedately ; and when I was done I addressed him more confidential. "To be frank," said I, "I took you at the first, seeing that you were not in league with the old Antick, for one of the lay. But I see you are not the bantam for that. Your face and your paunch betray you ?" says I. "How is that ?" he asked, looking at me dubiously. "O well," says I, "you were featured and figured for an applesquire. That's your trade," I says, "and I'll warrant I could pin it to you an' I poked a little closer." He smiled broadly, and then, putting back his head, went off into a gentle inward laugh, very joyously. "My friend," says he, when he had come to himself, but still chuckling, "you strike home. In sooth, I had reckoned to keep the matter private, but, egad, there's no deceiving your eyes"; and he blinked at me humorously. But meeting his gaze, I could not refrain on my part, and off I went into a peal. When I looked at him again he had took his reins in hand, but, leaning forward quickly, I seized the bridle at the mare's mouth. "Come, come," says I, with an oath, "I will have you know, wheedler or applesquire, that you are not your own master while Dick Ryder is in need of you, and since you have sought my company, by God, but you shall keep it until I choose."

A slight frown contracted his forehead, but immediately his eyes lit up with his habitual smile, and says he, "My good man," he says, "I had not presumed to quit such hospitable acquaintance, for, in truth, I am too little used to such fellowship as yours to desire to lose it hastily." "And what the Devil," I cried with austerity, for his tone was something superior, "do you with your 'good man'? I'll have you remember that I'm any man's equal, to say nothing of a damned Cupid." "As for good man," he replied suavely, "I will not defend the adjective ; and in respect of

equality—why I dare say you make a better thing of it than I." "Faith," says I, seeing he spoke so humbly, "maybe I do. But an' you take my full pockets to heart, there's stranger things have happened than that I should put you on the road to fortune yourself. I ha' made a deal more goldfinches in a week than your kidney would gather in a twelve-month. In a way I have ta'en a sort of liking to you."

"You are very good," he says, as humbly as ever: "I should be pleased to learn of you." "O, damme," says I, "I'll teach you a proper trade. 'Tis better than to cozen old madams of their jewels and to snip the fal-lals off young punks. Sure, that is a sorry business for a Quaker-bodied, respectable old gentleman like you."

I thought he winced ever so slightly at that; but then, sending me one of his sly and smiling glances, he remarked: "Captain Ryder, if you can teach me a profession proper to my years, I can promise you the gratitude of my friends"; and, making me a polite bow, he sat in his saddle, as though awaiting orders with docile attention. But somehow (I could not say why), the terms of his reply deranged me. There was an air about him that was new to me, and I was bewildered whether he was mocking at me or merely sitting at my feet like an ignoramus. I cast him up with as shrewd a gaze as I might, measuring him from his silver spurs to his big black wig, which he wore in the last fashion. But soon he interposed on my occupation. "Captain Ryder," he said gravely, "I am waiting instructions." I laughed a little at that, being still in my perplexity, but he threw me a glance of reproach. "I had scarce expected, Captain," says he, "of one of your acknowledged and well-merited repute to mock at honest enthusiasm, however raw. Humble as I be, I would scorn to put a slight upon any ardent heart." But I was none the more settled for this same speech, which appeared to me to have a savour of the ironic; and yet I could

pick no fault in his demeanor. For all that I was uneasy that he must be laughing at me, and so when he says more gaily, "Come, Ryder, what say you, shall we take the road?" I broke out in a blast of irritation.

"Damn you," I said. "Do you think I have no better use for my limbs than to risk 'em upon a noddy that has lived for fifty years without having gotten even a horn-book knowledge of life?" "The reproach, Ryder," says he with an appearance of consideration, "is too catholic. I know women very well, as you must admit." "And a fine field that is to grub in," I says with a sneer. "'Tis very pleasant," says he impartially; and at the word, spoken very talkingly, and with such an absence of offense, my dudgeon vanished, and I broke into laughter again. "Damme," I says, "you 're the man for me, in whatever gutter you make your livelihood; and you shall drink me fair at the 'World's End' to it, or by the Almighty I'll baton ye."

The invitation was bluff enough in all conscience, but I suppose he accepted the spirit of it, for he replied, with a glance downward at his belly: "Indeed, it is none so monstrous, Ryder, when all's said. But I will confess that it has outstripped my ambition by several inches. Yet do my friends assure me that it is in no wise out of keeping, but rather, if I am to believe them, of quite an elegant distinction. In truth, in my own little circle I am considered for something of a beau, and 't is the fashion to aim at my precise girth." "A plague on you," says I laughing, "you round-bellied old hackney! You need rowels upon you for to keep you trotting, and a fortnight of Little-Ease would best meet your case." "I may come to that," says he placidly, "I may come to that, an' I keep such company."

It was a merry jest, and not for me to take offence at; indeed, I liked him the better for his humour; and pretty soon we were seated in the tavern to ourselves, my lace-

monger with a stiff brew of French brandy and me with a quartern of ripe ale. He pulled a sour face over his glass, for the liquor was not to his palate, but I jibed him on his dainty stomach. "Faugh!" says I, "those light-o'-loves spoil you. 'T is well enough. I know the stuff, as like as not the best brandy ever fetched out of France under His Majesty's nose. I would think shame to live so maudlin as yourself, and you with the making of a man in you!" "I must apologise," he says politely, "for my seeming discourtesy, for the feast is yours. And I have no doubt you are right as to the quality, but I fear me that my taste has been distorted by the stuff fubbed off upon me by my cousin in France." "Maybe he is in the trade?" I inquired. "O," says he smiling, "a good many hogsheads pass through his fingers in a year." "Ah!" says I with a wink, "and I misdoubt if it pays a farthing to His Majesty." "You are right," said he with a laugh. "But in truth I have no grudge against His Majesty, so be that I pay nothing." "You say well," says I, "'tis not a bad sort, Old Rowley, but a lazy chicken-spirited dog. 'T would do him good were someone to fetch him a toe in the hindparts upon occasion."

"Ah!" says he, contemplating my boots with some interest; and then, meeting my eyes: "Is he worth it?" he asked, smiling. "Damme!" says I, echoing his smile, "I don't know that he is. Let him go to the Devil in his own way." "You speak my sentiments," says he.

I called for Burgundy—some of the right supernaculum—for him, and that he drank of with a relish and intelligence, talking the while with a nimbler wit and a more persuasive air than I had ever known. But soon, what between the drink and the excitement of our talk, and my own new-found liking for the man, my tongue began to clap merrily. To say the truth, I had proposed to press him upon his name

and style, for I felt sure he came of some position, though probably lapsed in fortune; but, like the vain oaf I was, I fell to chattering more of myself than of him, lecturing him like a schoolmaster, and informing him upon the Art of Life. "Now, yours," I said, "to my thinking is a mean-spirited line of trade. To dangle at a petticoat, and be kept in leash like a monkey,—'t is manner of conduct dead in the teeth of a man of heart." "Not but what," I says, "I cannot put a proper value upon a female. Tame or wild, raven or rufous, Joan or my lady, if so be she have colour to her flesh and marrow to her bones, I'll play the Spaniard with the best of 'em," says I. "But to stand for ever making legs against the time she loves to manifest her humour, Lord, 'tis quite another matter, and worth no man's respectability." He had listened to me very seriously, though I thought that his mouth twitched at times; and when I was done, he observed with a deprecating manner: "I fear you would put me to too rigorous a service, Captain Ryder. At my age——"

"Zounds, man," I interrupted on him, "you may be no green goose, but you've the vitals of a man in you yet." "'T is very courteous in you so to reassure me," he returned with a bow. "But, indeed, you yourself have reminded me of my habit," and he glanced at his stomach. "Gad!" says I, "a week on the pad will melt that suet."

He rose laughing good humouredly, and with an air on him that somehow seemed to dismiss me; but I rose, too. "Faith," I says, "you are not for horseback yet. The ladies, more, are not so exigent of your company. I promise you they will not grow stale for lack of the likes of you." "Tut, tut!" he cries with acerbity, "you ride a jest to death. I like a man that plays upon more strings than one," and then, "Come Ryder, you will observe that I do not twit you of the Road." "O, damn the Road," I retorts in

a roystering way. "I am in the mind to spend the night after quite another fashion; and had you the spirit of a louse," I says, "'t would be to me of these same Ladies of the Lake you would offer to present me." At that his mouth suddenly quivered, and his eyes sparkling, he laughed faintly. "But," says he, "you should consider my profession. Where is my livelihood, should I loose you on my private liberties?" "Maybe," says I, smacking my pockets, "we can arrange that atween us." "Ah!" says he, turning grave of a sudden. "Here 's sense, and a commendable business habit." I winked at him. "Said is done," says I, and leaning forward, very facetious, dug my knuckles at his waistband.

Upon my motion, and very instantaneously, he withdrew his body out of range, and, his whole face changing, directed on me a short imperious gaze that stayed me in the act. Now I was fairly loosed by the liquor I had drunk, to say nothing of the issues of my previous bouts, and I could not conjecture to this day what inspired me with the recognition, specially in that bibulous state. But the fact was that throughout our intercourse I had had a growing uncertainty of him, and now, with that flash of his eyes, the discovery came upon me like a thunderclap, and I fell aback, dazed and disordered, with the knowledge that here was His Gracious Majesty himself that had been my companion! The revelation abashed me outright, and I stood staring on him, with all my wits aflow—the similitude of his features to the effigies I had seen of him, gathering clearer with each moment. But I suppose he referred my embarrassment to his smart rebuke, or to some drunken witlessness, for he smiled at last, and says he: "Well, shall we conclude the bargain?"

But with his speaking consideration came to me, and I jumped up, feigning an eagerness, but still very mazed.

"Damn me," I cried, "for sure, and no time will better this." But all the while my brains were busy with the discovery, and 'tween that and the horseing I had opportunity sufficient to dispose my mind. And first it appeared to me that if 't was Old Rowley for certain, it would ill become Dick Ryder to subvert the entertainment he had chosen for himself; and that for so long as he was for being interpreted as a stark Adonis, for such I would use him in conduct. Whereas, for a second deduction, seeing that he had put a subterfuge on me so far, why, damn it, 't was my privilege to put another upon him, an' I might. With which determination my thoughts came to a conclusion; and presently as we were jogging along flank to flank, I says, counterfeiting my former demeanour as near as may be: "What style do they put upon this piece, you old satyr?" I says.

If he had taken any suspicions that I had unmasked him this must have settled them, and he replied sedately: "Faith, among so many I can scarce—but yes," he says, "this must be Mistress Barbara." "Barbara," says I, smacking my lips; "an' I like her as well as her name, I'll warrant Mistress Barbara and I should be capital company."

"Ah," says he, showing his teeth in a soft smile, "but I would have you warned that this same Barbara hath a spirit. She is particular to the point of phantasy. I have remonstrated more times than I can remember upon her whimsies, but she would aye fly out. They will bear no remedy." "As for that," I said briskly, "I like 'em best with the diabolic. A stark woman and a fist o' nails for me! 'T is a welcome diversion for a fellow of mettle."

But all this time I was casting about to nominate the wench congruous to the rumours of the Town, and then the remembrance comes to me, and I know 't was the Duchess of Cleveland as he spoke of. And if I was in any doubt before, that resolved me upon the identity of my com-

panion. But I said very little more, though screwed to the pitch of a high sensation, until we drew up before a house near by the village of Kensington. Here Old Rowley jumps to the ground. "I had forgot to tell you," says he, turning to me suavely, "that there is a disagreement 'twixt the lady and myself, and 't is odds that we shall meet a hot reception." But I only grinned, and presently, the preliminaries being arranged, we were admitted by a foot-boy, and found ourselves set in an ample room, enriched with many pleasant pictures and sumptuously ordered. "Rip me," says I, staring about the chamber, "you are a prince among wheedlers to have the freedom of this palace." "O, I do very well," he returned affably, and commands me some wine. But just as we were sipping comes me in a strapping madam, magnificently gowned, and her eyes like the lights in a black pool. "You rogue," says I to Old Rowley, "what an admirable taste you show, for sure!" "I was in hopes," says he in the same whisper, "that you would have attributed the taste to the lady. 'T is a compliment they expect." But she, then, coming forward very rapidly, started aback slightly on seeing me, and drew herself up, questioning His Majesty with her eyes. "Madam," says Old Rowley, bowing very grayely, "'t is a friend of mine, this good gentleman, to whom your name being used with all admiration, he conceived a warm desire to be presented to you—the which, as one acquainted with your catholicity, I have made bold to grant. Like myself, he stands without the Law, following an illicit calling." Her brow darkened and I could perceive from various ensigns that she owned the temper of a shrew; and, says she very coldly, and with an angry look at Old Rowley, "I am honoured, indeed, by the gentleman's admiration." And then, flinging herself into a chair, she cries petulantly, "Lard, what whimsey would you be at now?"

But Old Rowley starts as with surprise, and speaking in a pained voice: "When I tell you Madam," he says, "that Captain Ryder has kindly offered to instruct me in the delights of the King's Highway, you will see how much we should be indebted to him for the opportunity to add to our humble fortunes." But Madam shrugged her shoulders, and gave vent to a sigh of weariness—seeing which I made bold to speak up for myself.

"'Tis true enough, Madam," I says, stepping a pace forward, "what this old humorist has said; but sure, he has put it so ceremonious that I scarce recognize the bargain. For 't was concluded atween us both that, if so be yourself, as was like, being out of stomach with him, should be agog for a new ligby mate, why here's a claimant for the honour"; with which I flings my glove to the floor. Her ladyship burst out laughing very sourly, and turning to Old Rowley: "Is this true?" she asked. Now, I had thought to see him wince at my impudence, but, Lord, not he! "Why," he says, with a pretty smile, "'tis set somewhat coarsely, but——." And then, after a show of confusion: "Captain Ryder, you will perceive, would leave you every liberty of selection."

"I should be accustomed," says she scornfully, "to be subjected to your vagaries"; and stopped abruptly, seeming to reflect. Presently she looked up at me with a different face. "Captain Ryder," she says, with a smile, "you will, doubtless, pardon my seeming rudeness, but this news has fallen of the suddenest. I make no doubt but we shall be better acquainted presently." "Indeed," I replied grandly, "better acquainted is a phrase that, with your ladyship's permission, shall be invested with a private meaning." "So it shall," she says quite softly, and looking at me with enticing eyes.

Though it is not my part to brag of my person, I have

lived too long not to know the value of a smart coat and a pair of eyes, and I will confess that her ardent glances stung me to the midriff: more particularly as she next turned towards His Majesty, and with a dainty gesture of her arm, addresses me thus: "Maybe," she says, "you can persuade your friend, Captain, not to obtrude himself upon us in this unseemly fashion."

"Why," says I promptly, "now his duty is over, he may go to the Devil, for me!" and I took a step or so towards Old Rowley. He seemed a trifle disconcerted, for I reckon 'twas scarce the deportment he had expected in her ladyship; but this was only for a second, and then he bowed very gravely. "I feared, Madam," he said, shaking his head, "that this would be my reception, once you were seized of a fine bird like this; and so I warned our Captain here." And then to me: "Ah, Ryder 'tis a heavy price to pay for your good offices upon the Road"; and feigned to look chapfallen.

"Maybe," says I in a huffing way, "but 't was a fair bargain, and what would you? Should a stalwart full-bodied piece like Madam here be fubbed off with a kind of Fortyguts like you! Sink me, you rate yourself too high."

"In truth," he answered seeming despondent, "You are right, I have but a poor notion of my own pretensions, and yet I will confess it has sharply vexed me to be so discountenanced."

There he sat, the rogue, leaning easily in his chair, and with a lugubrious expression on his phiz, but his eyes, as I might perceive, very demure and luminous, shooting glances under his brows at Madam Barbara. But she avoided him coldly, and turning to me murmured some fancy jape against him under her breath and went off into a giggle of satiric laughter. 'T was nothing to the point, indeed, but I slapped my thighs and feigned to roar with her, while I was

puzzling my brains to know what she was at. Old Rowley directed a quizzical look on us, and crossed his legs calmly. I make no doubt but he was diverting himself hugely, but so was I, for the matter of that, and the more so that I was resolute to turn the tables upon him. So "Look on him!" says I going off again. "A muckrate like that, as ought, from his investiture, to be a godly, sanctimonious saint—to think of him a pleader in the courts of love!" "Nay," says Madam, ironically, "you must not be too hard on him. He is as God made him." "May He make no such other!" I exclaimed. "Amen!" says she with a vicious snap of her teeth. Suddenly she bent forward to me, where I was seated near by, and put her white hand gently on my shoulder. "Captain," she whispered in a cooing voice, "I will be plain with you. This man hath outlasted my endurance, and that's the fact. Lord, what I have stood from him would amaze ye." "You shall stand no more," says I fiercely, but wondering what mischief she was conceiving. "Indeed," she says very softly, "I am beholden to you for your offices. 'Tis he himself that has brought deliverance to me." "That is so," said I grimly; "I will quit you no more."

She sighed, and lifting her eyes to mine, thinks to befool me with her blandishments. "And there is one service you shall do me," she says very low. "What is that?" I asked.

"You must know," she answers, dropping her voice still lower, "that this same fellow has upon him a precious necklet of mine, the which he hath appropriated to himself. Wrest it from him," she whispers eagerly, "wrest it from him, and let us be done with him for ever."

At once I got a notion of what lay between them, and the origin of this disagreement. The necklace, I guessed, must ha' been destined for some other lightskirts; and my

lady, being of a jealous disposition, was in the mind to capture it; while I was to catspaw—was I?—to serve her ends. O well, thinks I, here 's a new face to the adventure, at the least; and assuming a stern frown, I leapt to my feet and made for Old Rowley, where he sat, very much exercised, I daresay, upon what we were exchanging.

"Hark 'ee," says I, "Master What-be-your-name." He put his head to one side and regarded me whimsically. "If 't were not for your years I would learn you smartly to pilfer from a lady—and as it is, and to avoid delay, I will have you disgorge a certain necklace as belongs to Madam here." Old Rowley started slightly, and a frown settled on his forehead. He had not looked for this, I could see, and for a moment he sent a sharp glance at her ladyship. But she leaned back, and disregarded him. "What do you mean?" he asked somewhat sternly. "O," says I mockingly, "I reckon you are aware of my meaning. He that steals from his mistress is a black thief, and you may be thankful if I do not prove that on your jacket."

He sat still, appearing to think, but manifestly perplexed. "Come, vomit," says I, and I raised my hand. "Sirrah," he begins quite fiercely, and surveys me. Then all of a sudden he changes, and producing a packet from his pocket, hands it to me with a slight bow, but gnawing his lips all the while. "I acknowledge my fault," he says. "But indeed 't was a present of mine to the lady, with a stone for every year of her life." As he spoke I was dangling the toy on my finger, and her ladyship's face, which had been gleaming with satisfaction, passed suddenly from her natural colour, and she cried out some sharp exclamation—for indeed there were nearer forty jewels in the string than thirty. But the possession of Old Rowley, together with the pat rejoinder which so put her ladyship about, tickled me so that I could scarce forbear from laughter. And, sooth to

say, as 't was the first occasion on which I had confused him, I was mightly pleased with myself; and none the less that I was to upset her ladyship still more plumply. So clapping the trinket in my pocket I went back to her. "I have it safe," says I. "Give it to me," cries she, all excitement. "Nay, nay," says I, "but you shall wear it upon our wedding night, I vow; not afore." For a moment her eyes seemed shut with fury, and then apparently upon reflection she used another voice.

"You dear villian," she says in a coaxing tone, "how you would torment me! I fear you are a tantalizing rogue." "O no," says I with a cunning look, "but 't is my usage to drive a proper bargain." "O, fie!" says she, "you misbeliever! Come, let me see an' it be truly mine." I shook my head. "Never a blink," said I, "afore that hour you wot of." Her eyebrows came down sudden. "Troth," she says with a toss of her head, "'t is not gallant to make such terms. Love hath no conditions. I am used to be trusted, Ryder, dear." And with that Old Rowley, who was seated very imperturbable, and patting a puppy-dog that was in the room, glanced up at me. "That's true enough, Ryder," he said comically, and goes on with his fondling.

"There are times for trusting," I answered her, "and there are times also for caution, but maybe this is a time for neither. I will not be hard on ye. You shall exchange this pretty plaything against a veritable number of kisses—a buss for each pearl," I says. "How dare you?" she cried imperiously. "Hoity-toity," says I, lifting my brows at her, and mimicking her voice: "No one says 'dare' to me; and 't is but to anticipate the event by an hour or so, as you will agree."

"Sir——" she began very shrill, and then she turned quickly upon Old Rowley, who, stopped over his dog, was softly chuckling to himself. "'T is you who have done this,'

she cried angrily. "'T is your device to have instructed this varlet so to insult me." He turned a whimsical face on her. "Faith, not I," he says. "'T is your own doing, Barbara. You made love to him. Sure, I have never seen a woman court a lover so warmly."

But here I broke in, counterfeiting a fury. "Varlet!" says I. "And who the Devil gave you leave to put that phrase on me? I will take no such words from no man, and from no woman, neither."

"Leave this room, fellow," she says haughtily. "Sink me, if I do," I says. "Here I have come and here I stay; and what is more, I design to taste those pretty lips on this instant"; with which I made as if to approach her. But she started away with an evil face on her; and Old Rowley sat in his seat, balancing a crown upon the spaniel's nose, and paying no heed to us. But presently her ladyship's face changed very smartly when she saw me advance, and she called to Old Rowley. "Will ye witness this?" she says, with some agitation. But he, looking up, and appearing to notice us for the first time, starts to his feet hastily. "Faith, I beg your pardon," he says, very suavely, "but I am fallen very forgetful. Sure, of course I will not be trespassing upon two such billing doves"; and marched at once for the door. But at this intimation her ladyship turned pale, and cried out for him to help her, retreating in his direction, and keeping a fearful eye on me. I was vastly entertained to see the jade's consternation, for she was well paid for the strategy she used on her royal lover. He came to a pause by the door, assuming an air of perplexity, and then when she invoked him once more, feeling, I conceive, that the jest had run far enough, he came up to me and tapped me on the arm. "Ryder," said he, pretending to whisper, but in a voice very audible, "you press her too closely. God forbid that you should fling her back on me. 'Twixt ourselves, I am

well quit of her arrant temper. But serve her more gently, and with a proper approach."

But I waved my arm impatiently at him. "Stand aside," says I, "for I will buss this recalcitrant Orinda or be damned," and I reached out my hand as if to seize her. "You ruffian, you!" she cried, stimulated back into her haughtiness by Old Rowley's intervention. "I will have you well whipped at the cart's tail. I will put my mark upon you." "Why, for that matter," said I, with a meaning laugh, "and I upon you." But she gave a little scream, and Old Rowley stood by seeming somewhat embarrassed, for it was plain what I was minded to do. But upon my venturing a further essay she stamped her foot in a frenzy. "Do you not know who I am, fool?" she cried. "I am the Duchess of Cleveland. I will learn you to use your hands on persons of quality."

"O—ho!" I says with a boisterous laugh. "'T is high company we enjoy, for sure. "Well," I says, "and I make no doubt but I am the Great Mogul, and this here will be His Gracious Majesty himself." Old Rowley, I saw, looked somewhat disconcerted, and eyeing me sharply, he says, "Come, come, Captain, do you not see you have excited her so far that she will seek refuge in any fiction?"

That turned me on him, for I was tired of her. "Who the Devil are you, to interfere between a gentleman and his miss?" I says roughly. "I will take it upon myself to teach you manners!" and with that I drew on him. He was not at all put about by this, but smiled in a soothing fashion. "No doubt," says he, looking at my weapon, "'t is the ardent spirit proper to a lover, Captain, but you will perceive you have drawn upon an unarmed man." "Well," says I, "as I may not pink you with the point, I will e'en trounce you with the flat"; and I stepped to him, iron in hand.

And now for the second time Old Rowley's face fell, and he withdrew a pace, while Madam cried out in an alarm for me to stay my hand, as I knew not what I was doing. But he, sending her a command out of his eyes, made me a pretty bow. "Captain Ryder," said he with a rare mastery of himself, "I am in the wrong, for to lack a weapon is no excuse for a gentleman of honour. But an' I may, I will remedy the want, and we may meet upon any terms you choose." "What would you?" I asked. "I will send a footboy for my weapon and a friend, to serve us," he replied. I reflected; and then: "So be it," I says, "an' you bring no bullies of your own kidney upon me." "Yourself shall see the letter, Captain," he says courteously. With which he got himself swiftly to the table, and seizing a pen, scribbled me off a note, the which he handed for my inspection. The epistle was innocent enough and contained no hint of the circumstances; and, moreover, I could ha' fastened my faith on Old Rowley, that he would not employ treachery against me. But all the same I passed the half-hour that ensued in a sweat of conjecture, as to what was to fall out. It seemed that I, maybe, must presently cross swords with His Majesty's own self, the which, as you may imagine, I was in no haste to do. But then I considered that with the introduction of his friend, the affair might dispose itself in a new way; and that it was his appearance that was to procure Old Rowley out of his predicament. And yet again, if that was so, I could not but wonder why he did not reveal himself on the moment. In fine, I could not bottom his design which, whatever it was, seemed comfortable enough to him, for he expended the time quite easily, frolicking with the dog, and conducting a casual conversation upon indifferent topics with Madam and me. To see him so urbane and unruffled, you might have supposed he was a host enlivening his guests. But Madam had obviously passed into a state

of despair, and bit her lips, and looked frightened, and once she spoke, appealing to him. "May not this farce end?" she says.

Old Rowley looked at her with a polite expression of surprise. "Farce!" quoth he, as in mild reproach: "You take lightly what may well be a tragedy for me, Barbara. I wish I could simulate your deportment"; and resumed his antics in the coolest manner.

Just upon that there comes me the footboy to the door, with the news that a gentleman was waiting upon us below; I turned to Old Rowley. "This is not to betray me?" Isays very suspicious. "I give you my word, Ryder," he returned heartily, "that I will hold no communion with him, and you shall explain the situation yourself."

At that I ordered the lackey to bring up t' other, and soon there sounds a jangle of spurs in the doorway, and enters a tall fellow, very elegantly dressed. Directly his face was to me, rip me, but I could ha' cried out with chagrin, for 't was the face, as you will believe me, of no other than the cully I had rumpadded that evening. In a twinkling I had the notion of that glorious old rogue's manœuvre; but I made no exclamation, holding back as sober as a judge. The new-comer made polite devoirs to Madame Castlemane and Old Rowley, who, on his part, answering the congee with solemnity, addressed him gravely: "I am so unfortunate as to pick a quarrel with this gentleman here, who will, on his own request, explain your errand," he says looking toward me without a sign.

T' other turns on me with a little frown, for he was a staid, pompous creature, and maybe did not fancy such escapades; and then his brows contracted, and he scowled very blackly at me. "I think sir," he says stiffly, "but I have a little business with this—gentleman—that must take precedence even of yours." "Indeed!" says Old Rowley,

with an affable look of surprise; and then seating himself comfortable: "Pray do not let me interrupt you then." "Sirrah," says Gold-lace brusquely, "I see you recognize me." Now all of this time I was cudgelling of my wits to hit upon a plan of conduct. For the matter of that I should not ha' minded to try a pass with the solemn ninny on the spot; but I knew that His Majesty was seated as a spectator to the play, and that it would divert him which way soever the affair went; and I was resolved to subvert his enjoyment, an' I might. So putting on a dumb expression of bewilderment, I stared on the fellow without any intelligence. "Faith, you have me at a disadvantage," I says; "I misremember to have met you." But he had grown very choleric. "I fancy," he rejoined, grimly, "that I may spur your memory." "You will be no bum-bailiff?" I asked innocently. He flew scarlet, laying his fingers on his sword. "Let me recall you," he says sharply, "a certain encounter nigh Fulham at eight of the clock this evening, when I had the privilege of meeting with a sturdy rascal as like yourself as need be." I put up my head haughtily. "Sink me, do you insinuate 'twas I?" I cried. "You have been long in taking my meaning," he says sardonically.

Here was the point for the diversion I had contrived, and so says I, suddenly changing my tones to sullenness: "You cannot prove it." "I think," he says with a laugh, "my word will serve with the Justices against a common scamp-man." "You will not prosecute?" I asked in a cringing note, and Old Rowley pricked up his ears. "Troth, and I will even now have you charged and clapped in Newgate," he says angrily. "What you may do you may do," says I very surly, "but I can prove an *alibi*." "That," he says with a sneer, "you shall have the opportunity of doing in the dock." "I can bring a witness to support it, beyond

dispute," says I. "Indeed," he says ironically, "and who may that?" "Why," says I, "at eight o'clock I was in the company of no other than His Most Gracious Majesty, King Charles, the Second of that name, himself."

Even as the words were off my tongue, I looked at Old Rowley, but to my desperate chagrin he makes never a motion, and not an eyelash budes on him. 'T is true that Madam gave vent to a little cry, but his Majesty himself sat as still and little concerned as the dead.

"What is this?" cries Gold-lace, looking from me to Old Rowley in some perplexity and as though uncertain of his cue. "I fear, Captain," says Old Rowley smoothly, "that here is some mistake; for, if you will recollect, 't was I that had the privilege of your company at the hour you name." "Faith, and I made bold to recognise your Majesty," said I, but feeling something abashed. "What!" says he, opening his eyes, and then went off into laughter. "Indeed, Captain, you have honoured me very greatly. But now I come to think on it, if you supposed me so, you have used me pretty scurvily for a prince."

"Are you not the King?" says I, feeling very sheepish and somehow staggered in my confidence by his demeanor. "Why, yes," says he waggishly, "and you are the Great Mogul, as we agreed." I stood there, as you may fancy, much dumbfounded and for the moment at a loss for words, but my gold-laced friend fetched me to my senses; for says he in his turn: "Come, come, my good scoundrel. You forget that we have not discharged our business. These shifts will not serve you."

At that I turned, very savagely, for I knew very well 't was Old Rowley himself, now that the first surprise was over; only I saw no way to deliver myself, and it made me mad to consider that he had been tickled to see me befool myself for Heaven knows how long. "Damn you," says I, "an'

it be not His Majesty, why, then, I will claim a prior settlement with him, afore I deal with you." My man of quality said nothing, but glanced at the king a little startled, and he, on his part, showed a few signals of embarrassment. "Come," says I, encouraged by this success. "An' I may not cross swords with his Majesty, I may with plain Master Rowley, shall we say?" Hereupon His Majesty's eyes lit up slowly, and the smile broadening upon his face he burst out into merriment. "On my soul, Captain Ryder," says he, "I vow you would make a very good Indian emperor." "And you, Mr. Rowley," says I as quick as himself, "would become a very proper king." "Nay, Ryder," says he, subduing his laughter, but still gaily, "then I believe that you and I are the only two people in the realm that think so." But the other two, both my lady and my lord, stared upon us, for their wits, I reckon, were scarce nimble enough for the change, and they looked astounded to see us conversing as if upon a mutual understanding. Indeed, my lord seemed puzzled to determine if he knew 't was the King, and if the King were willing that he should be himself. And he stood like an owl pursing his lips, till Old Rowley turned to him.

"I fear, Danby," says he demurely, "that the rogue is right and that he will escape justice this time. You see, if he was to call upon me, I must testify to the truth." "As for the matter of my Lord Danby's purse," said I, stepping forward, "if your Majesty will recall, it was none so fat, and I misdoubt but we have expended all upon our revels. But an' I may make restitution in another way, maybe this trinket will suffice for its value"; and down I flung the necklet on the table.

My Lord Danby gaped in an amaze, and Old Rowley, lifting his eyebrows humorously, glanced upon it with a rueful air, and surveyed Madam askew. "Take it, Danby,"

says he, "and forgive the varlet." But my lord, who was regaining his composure, raised the jewel gingerly on his finger awhile, and then with a sudden assumption of gallantry, very ludicrous to witness in him: "Nay," he says, "here is no trinket for a man"; and with a bow presents it to my lady. She was hugely delighted, and looked triumphantly at Old Rowley, but he followed the gawd with a quizzical glance of dismay. "Oddsfish!" says he, "had I bent to the inevitable earlier, we should have been spared all this ado." "I would not ha' missed it for a fortune, your Majesty," says I warmly. "Ah!" he says, "I daresay not, Captain. But then you come off better than I, by my poor Danby's purse." "Your Majesty had your share," said I. "Why, so I did," he replied with a smile; and suddenly he pulls out a watch from his fob and regards it contemplatively, and, says he, very serious but inexpressibly comical: "His Excellency the French Ambassador has now been waiting for me one hour and three-quarters upon urgent business." And covering a tiny yawn he threw me a genial nod and passed out of the room.

As for me I got forth in high feather, and, mounting my nag—(it was afore Calypso's time)—rode for the "Bull's Head," mighty full of my adventures, as you will believe.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

NOTES

ROCKLAND, Maine, Oct. 3rd, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CHAP-BOOK,

Dear Sir:—

Hoping that you will not look upon me as one taking an unpardonable liberty, I write you in regard to the illustration entitled "In the Garden," which appears in THE CHAP-BOOK, bearing date of September 15.

The illustration pleased me, and not the slightest hesitation as to its proper interpretation troubled my enjoyment. Nor have I been disturbed by the assertions of those, who, unwilling to consider the subject matter treated by the artist in its entirety, insist that since the body and head of the fowl resemble the head of the elephant, the object *is* an elephant; or that as the tail is the tail of a fish, therefore the fowl is a fish.

But two friends, relying not only on a fancied resemblance, but also, and it must be admitted with some shadow of reason, advancing the title of the drawing in support of their view, maintain that the object portrayed so artistically is an orchid.

Since I have been unable to convince these two unbelievers of their error, though my own faith is strong, would it be an imposition to ask you to write me one line saying that the artist does not intend by his drawing to convey the impression of an orchid, but of a —— ?

Very truly yours, ———

¶ It has been my fortune so often of late to receive demands of this sort that I was hardly in a mood to consider the request, but it happened that two other letters of similar import reached me by the same post, and the writers expressed themselves with such evident sincerity of interest, and their courtesy in enclosing stamps was so spontaneously attractive, that I thought better of my first intention.

Indeed, as I go about in the world, I am asked no other question so repeatedly as "Why do you print such queer pictures?" and from the persistency with which I am assailed on this point, I may not doubt but that a certain proportion of the CHAP-BOOK public is really curious to know my reasons.

The primary explanation is a very simple one, yet it is not without an awful feeling of hesitancy that I venture to

reveal it; but were I to be quite frank, my reply would be that pictures in this broad style are the only ones which will print well on the rough CHAP-BOOK paper. It is necessary to go beyond this, however, for I fancy the ungentle are questioning the need of printing pictures at all. To this comment I reply, that since THE CHAP-BOOK aims in a measure to represent certain features of this time as, in the past centuries, the original Chap-Books suggested the spirit of their period, it is manifestly a part of my function to record artistic as well as literary movements. It is this attempted reflection of the contemporary that has led the discriminate to accuse me of being faddish.

Although sturdy constancy to an artistic theory may be admirable, there is much to be said in favor of casting oneself adrift on the waters of public opinion, of becoming an index of their movements. A true child of the age is caught in the swirl of each new eddy and feels cresting behind him the wave of each new movement. I do not claim to be, in the full meaning of the term, a prophet of the advanced, but I am that rather than the tail of the kite. This is moderate self-confidence, perhaps: yet it has made me watch with interest the productions of certain young men, and if I do not always sympathize with Mr. Beardsley's point of view, or Mr. Bradley's expression; if I do not always admire Mr. Anning Bell's performances, or see charm in Mr. Hazenplug's type of beauty, I am, nevertheless, convinced that the work is indicative of a movement, and as such it justifies itself. It is, into the bargain, to me, more than usually entertaining.

As to what Mr. Pissarro intended by his drawing "In the Garden," I am not surprised that there should have been some little confusion. It had not been my intention to refer to the matter—but since the subject has been brought up, I am forced to acknowledge that through a stupid mistake in the office the drawing was printed upside down. If my readers will take the trouble to examine the picture anew, its interpretation will doubtless be plain.



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

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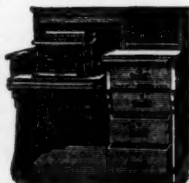
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